



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

1. Poetry, American

NBI
Herndon

AUTUMN SONGS

BY
THOMAS H. HERNDON

“Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.”



F. TENNYSON NEELY

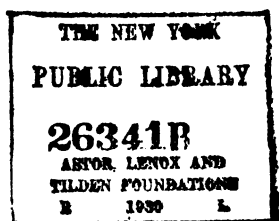
114 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

[C] 9021

96 Queen Street
LONDON

EVD

hc.



Copyright, 1908,
by
THOMAS H. HERNDON,
in the
United States
and
Great Britain.

Entered at Stationers' Hall,
London.

All Rights Reserved.

Autumn Songs.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Her Violin's Song.....	1
Auf Wiedersehen	3
When Evelyn Smiles	5
The Sea	6
The Gift of Song.....	7
Nocturne	8
Fame	9
Music	11
Azrael	12
My Queen	13
Peace, Be Still.....	14
Love's Wager	15
Love and Death.....	16
Creation	17
✓Our Victory at Manila.....	18
The Postscript	20
The Wanton	21
A Cherokee Rose.....	23

	PAGE
In Lillian's Eyes.....	25
Hail and Farewell.....	26
The Flea	28
Vanity Fair	30
You	31
Mafeking	32
Behind the Scenes.....	34
Love, the Painter.....	36
Ishmael	37
Her Voice	38
Unconquered	39
Where Dwelleth Love.....	41
Paradise	42
Forgiveness	43
The Wolf	44
The Black-sheep	46
Were I the Sea.....	47

AUTUMN SONGS.

HER VIOLIN'S SONG.

She silently came, like a ghost, in white,
Standing half in shadow, and half in light,
A summer's song to quaintly tell;
First slowly and low, the violin sang,
Then loud as a clarion's call it rang,
As the weird music rose and fell.

Now the south wind softly seemed to blow,
And the laughing brook, o'er the gray stones
 flow,
And flowers nod at droning bees;
The sun ere it sinks in the glowing west,
Slyly peeps again in the blue-jay's nest,
As it sways with the maple trees.

Then the lowing cows in the shady dell,
All follow sedately the tinkling bell,
And at the meadow bars wait long;
Each mischievous firefly, his lantern bore,
And flashed its light in his neighbor's door,
Where crickets sang their vesper song.

All nature was hush'd, save the babbling rill,
That still louder sang, by the haunted mill,
And homeward swifter seem'd to run;
Then the night-hawk gave his shivering cry—
And softer the frightened rill crept by—
So the song, and the day were done.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

Where summer's warmth, cool shadows woo'd,
A youth and maid together stood,
 In bitter pain;
Too soon from love's sweet dream they woke,
And in her voice, her sad heart spoke,
 "Auf wiedersehen."

The youth went forth in search of gold—
Hope in his heart, sang of old,
 A sweet refrain;
In dreams he liv'd those bright days o'er,
And heard the maiden say once more,
 "Auf wiedersehen."

And toiling early, toiling late,
He reach'd at last the golden gate,
 In Fortune's train;
Each hour that mark'd the close of day,
Seem'd to his waiting heart to say,
 "Auf wiedersehen."

Autumn Songs.

He sought once more the trysting place,
But in the tomb her sad, sweet face,
 Long years had lain;
And on the marble column white,
She seem'd to speak from realms of light,
 "Auf wiedersehen."

WHEN EVELYN SMILES.

When Evelyn smiles, her dimpled chin,
Seems but a snare that Love hides in—
O, heart of mine, can reason win,
When Evelyn smiles?

When Evelyn smiles, old earth grows young—
Joy speaks again with happy tongue—
Hope sings a song she ne'er hath sung,
When Evelyn smiles.

'Tho' Evelyn smiles, I clearly see,
Her smiles are not reserv'd for me—
Still, fetter'd heart, wouldst thou be free,
When Evelyn smiles?

THE SEA.

To the moaning, restless sea I cried,
"Dost thou seek some lov'd one far and wide
 White hands on thy bosom cross'd?
From shore to shore thy couriers ride—
To search the caves where the mermaids hide—
To thine anguish'd cry hath she ne'er replied,
 The one thou loved and lost?"

Then the restless sea in sad tones said,
"O, foolish heart to thine idols wed,
 Thou, too, art tempest tossed;
And with empty arms like mine outspread,
Thou shalt seek for aye, the joy that's fled—
Know, sadden'd heart, life's day is dead
 When the light of love is lost."

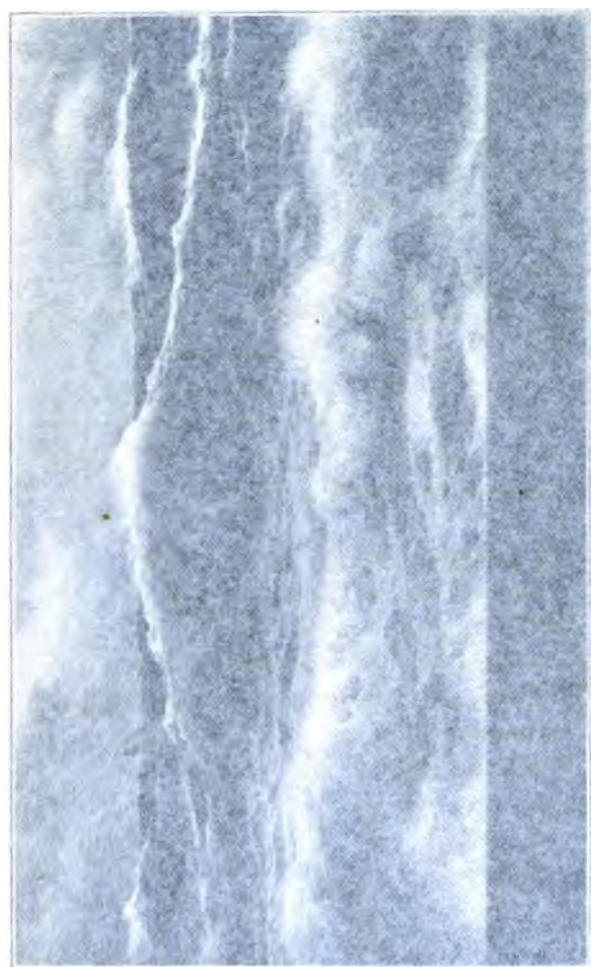


Fig. 1. The book cover of the 1st edition.

. in Songs.

THE SEA.

O restless sea I cried
 How some bold one might and dare
 Upon thy bosom ride?
 Where thy currents glide—
 Where the waves of billow
 Still exult and play
 And the wind is high and free

[illegible]



Dost thou seek some lov'd one, far and wide?

THE GIFT OF SONG.

A tiny bird within its gilded bars,
Each morn would lift its happy voice on high
As tho' it fain would reach the distant stars,
On wings of silv'ry song, through sunlit sky.

When care upon my heart a cross would lay,
The bird's clear notes made me forget all
wrong—

A strange, sweet peace dispell'd the shadows
gray,
And life the brighter seem'd for that sweet
song.

If I perchance some happier thought might
bring—

Could roll the stone from sleeping Laz'rus'
bed—

If to some hopeless one, some song could sing,
The thought might live, when voice and song
had fled.

NOCTURNE.

Sing, violin, a song from out the past—
Sing of forgotten days when love was young,
Sing but to me the songs that she once sung,
The magic of her voice around me cast,
Sing, violin, in that familiar tongue
That seems divine.

Soft, my violin, whisper of her eyes,
Tell how her smile bade gloomy shadows flee;
In her lov'd voice, O speak once more to me—
Not in a minor note, sing not in sighs,
But let her laughter ring from out the skies
As falls sunshine.

Tell me, o'er love death dare not breathe its
blight—
Sing, violin, perchance she still can see
From out the stars, and seeing, list to thee;
As thy voice soars aloft on wings of light,
Bid her eyes earthward turn, though starless
night,
And look in mine.



The Vocal Memnon, learned men call Fame.

"I am the light of the world," said I, "I am the flame,
 I am the sun, I am the sun his course
 I am the light of the world, I am the poor creature's

"I am the light of the world," said I, "I am the flame,
 I am the sun, I am the sun his course
 I am the light of the world, I am the poor creature's
 I am the light of the world, I am the poor creature's
 I am the light of the world, I am the poor creature's
 I am the light of the world, I am the poor creature's

"I am the light of the world," said I, "I am the flame,
 I am the sun, I am the sun his course
 I am the light of the world, I am the poor creature's

"I am the light of the world," said I, "I am the flame,
 I am the sun, I am the sun his course
 I am the light of the world, I am the poor creature's



FAME.

The vocal Memnon, learned men call Fame,
Each morn would sing, when the sun his course
 began,
And make immortal some poor creature's
 name,

Who long had look'd across the desert sand
Into his sphinx-like eyes—that stony heart
Felt not remorse nor pity, did it know,
That at its voice the dumbest ear would start,
And listen—the coldest heart would glow,
And quick with joy and hope would madly
 beat?

But Memnon heard nor heeded not their cries—
And so his lute-like voice seem'd doubly sweet,
To him whose name was wafted to the skies.

Men laid their treasures on his altar-stone—
Fair women ev'ry charm and winning grace—
The stone-god stood in silence—stood alone,
And look'd across the sands far into space.

But one among the throng who worship'd there,
Knew on the morn his name with Fame would
wed—

But when the morrow dawn'd, fresh, joyous,
fair—

Fame sounded forth his name—but he lay dead.



'Till music came, her happy songs to sing.

MUSIC.

The Sons of God beheld Earth's daughters fair,
And flung their jewel'd crowns within the dust;
The golden harp, forgot was pray'r—
And henceforth, their lowly lot to share,
Though joys should vanish, and the sceptre
 pass.

But Mem'ry SAT on restless wing,
And touch'd their heart-strings with a vague
 regret,
Till Music came her joyous songs to sing,
And made the happy hours with gladness ring,
So the immortals might the Song forget.



MUSIC.

The Sons of God beheld Earth's daughters fair,
 And flung their jewel'd crowns within the dust;
 Forgot was golden harp, forgot was pray'r—
 Content henceforth, their lowly lot to share,
 Though crown should vanish, and the sceptre
 rust.

But Mem'ry swiftly flew on restless wing,
 And touch'd their heart-strings with a vague
 regret,
 'Till Music came her joyous songs to sing,
 And make the happy hours with gladness ring,
 So the immortals might the Stars forget.

AZRAEL.

Azrael, the death-angel, came with silent tread,
And look'd in sadness on a child's sweet face—
Swift to the realms of light that sainted spirit
 sped,
Where brighter stars than these shine into
 space.

He gently touch'd her cheeks, the frighten'd
 roses fled—
He kiss'd her eyes, so they might never weep;
Then soft the sorrowing said "A saint is
 dead"—
But Azrael gently murmur'd "She's asleep."

Oft in some distant star, in happy dreams I
 trace
A form that seems o'er me a watch to keep—
And oft I waking, sigh to meet death face to
 face—
To hear him softly whisper, "He's asleep."

MY QUEEN.

I dream'd we play'd at euchre, dear,
And Cupid with his darts,
Etch'd my name on the jack of spades—
Yours on the queen of hearts.

I dealt the cards, the trump was turn'd—
My prince of swagger blades,
Surrender'd to the queen of hearts—
O, foolish jack of spades!

Tho' years have pass'd, yet from my dreams,
Your image never fades—
A captive still, O Queen of Hearts,
Remains the jack of spades.

PEACE, BE STILL.

So oft do I picture that story of old—
A wild storm on deep Galilee—
The powers of darkness defiant and bold,
Lash'd the winds and the waves with terrors
untold,
For Christ lay asleep on the sea.
But why do the winds creeping back to their
caves,
The air with their sad moanings fill?
Why hid are the faces of white-crested
waves—
Why faint grows the voice of the sea, as it
raves,
When the Master cries, "Peace, be still"?
My soul often seems like a storm-toss'd sea,
As fate drives it onward at will—
Is there still a haven to which I can flee—
I call to the Master, will he answer me,
And say to my soul, "Peace, be still"?





Then in the jack-pot went his bow.

THE WAGER.

"I'll bet you a good deal,
 That you'll never see me—
 When I come back again, I'll shake
 Your hand, and you'll shake
 Your head, and you'll smile with surprise,
 To find me with summer's sun—
 And your eyes were black and blue—
 And you, the luckless wight,
 You'll bet the wage you'd give me
 If I went back, and I'll bet
 That I'll win her smile again,
 And her color's ebb and flow,
 And her heart—Have stolen his all—
 And I'll win it, and I'll win
 And I'll win it, I yet hold—
 And I'll win it, reckless, bold,
 And I'll win it, with me to dine."



The figure is the cherub who met his boy.

LOVE'S WAGER.

Cupid and I, a wager made,
About the color of her eyes—
He said they were the deepest shade
That dwells alone in azure skies
When kiss'd by some warm summer's sun—
While I swore they were black as night—
Then elfin Love, the luckless wight,
Cried out, "Alas! the wage you've won."
Then in the jackpot went his bow
That I could not her smile recall—
Nor trace the color's ebb and flow
Upon her cheek—Love stak'd his all—
Yet fortune smil'd, and I still won.
His useless weapons, I yet hold—
And Love, the gambler, reckless, bold,
By seeming loss, hath me undone.

LOVE AND DEATH.

Brave Death ran by so pale and wan,
I loudly laugh'd in childish glee;
But all unheeding he pass'd on—
Then soft I said, "When hope is gone,
Come back, O Death, abide with me."

Death creeping by at close of day,
Weary of walking land and sea—
I cried, "Ho! friend, a moment stay—
Tell me where bound, show me the way"—
But silent he turn'd from me.

He came at last, unlook'd for guest—
In agony I bade him flee—
He kiss'd the one my soul lov'd best—
And mocking cried, "She lies at rest,
But Death the king, abides with thee."

CREATION.

God stoop'd and kiss'd the face of night,
And straightway rays of rosy light
 Proclaim'd fair Eden's morn;
He smiles upon the souls of men,
The soul awakes to life—and then,
 It knows that love is born.

OUR VICTORY AT MANILA.

The war-dogs creep through shadows gray,
In silence deep, ere break of day,
 To rend the heart of Spain;
Fair Luzon sleeps, perchance 'tis well
Ere o'er her sweeps the shot, the shell—
 That shall avenge the Maine.

The war ships steer straight for the foe—
No trace of fear or thought of woe
 Could those brave hearts restrain;
And tho' that hail of fire and steel
Made brave men pale, and strong men reel,
 They cried, "Avenge the Maine!"

The Spaniard wakes, springs to his guns—
Earth reels and shakes. Oh, hapless sons
 Of cruel, treacherous Spain,
Your victims lie on ev'ry shore—
Their wounds still cry—and urge us sore,
 "Avenge, avenge the Maine!"

Our Victory at Manila. 19

Then Dewey woke the fires of hell—
Each war-dog spoke—straightway there fell
The flag of haughty Spain:
That flag so red with human gore,
Sinks with the dead, to rise no more
Upon the Spanish Main.

Our flag on high, star-gemm'd is spread—
Shall float for aye, where sleep the dead
Of crafty, cruel Spain:
The vict'ry's won—this flag shall soar—
On it the sun shall set no more
While ages wax and wane.

THE POSTSCRIPT.

In formal words my lady writes—
So fancy wings no curious flights
 'Twixt line and line;
Nor bids my hopes to upward soar—
And yet I read it o'er and o'er,
 O, sweetheart mine.

A tiny postscript written there,
Perhaps to warn, perchance to dare
 My fears to end;
And tho' there was no other sign,
No glimpse of joy, save that one line—
 “My love I send.”

Yet swift Hope ran with tireless feet
To read to me that message sweet,
 With voice divine;
'Till earth and heaven seem'd to blend
In that one line, “My love I send”—
 O, sweetheart mine.

THE WANTON.

Where the winds wildly dance, and the waves
madly sweep—
There they found her, the wanton, where she
fell asleep,
In a deep dreamless sleep.

And the wind with rude hands chaf'd her cold
bosom bare,
While the fierce waves were kissing her sunny
brown hair,
Kissing her gold-brown hair.

Then the saying went forth "that a wanton
is dead"—
But the lips seem'd to smile at the soul that had
fled,
Speeding the soul that fled.

And I look'd half in awe at her wistful brown
eyes,

Did the soul kiss her lips ere it pass'd to the
skies,

Ere her soul sought the skies?

As it bade her adieu, did it still leave a trace
Of its path, by the lingering smile on her face,
The glad smile on her face?

Did the dead lying there, bear this life's cruel
scars

That the soul pure and fair, might speed on to
the stars,

To the calm, peaceful stars?

A CHEROKEE ROSE.

A NEGRO MELODY.

'Round the door of my old cabin home,
Climb'd a rose, call'd the wild Cherokee—
When at night from the fields I would come,
It would breathe forth its sweetness to me.

CHORUS.

O, I lov'd that wild Cherokee,
'Round my heart its bright flowers clung,
For it brought sweet dreams unto me,
Like the songs my mother once sung.

But the breath of the frost kill'd the vine—
And the blossoms grew pale as the snows,
And the warm sun will never more shine,
On my beautiful Cherokee Rose.

Once my heart was so joyous and light,
That I laugh'd at all sorrows and woes—
Death heard me—and crept out of the night—
And he stole my sweet Cherokee Rose.

Ah! they tell me that she is asleep—
What is best, they declare that God knows—
But these old eyes will ever more weep,
'Till I find my lost Cherokee Rose.

IN LILLIAN'S EYES.

In Lillian's happy eyes, ah me!
Two dimpled cupids there I see,
 Peeping out in sweet surprise;
When from a joyous dream I start,
Their cruel arrows pierce my heart,
 As I look in Lillian's eyes.

Within her eyes, like some clear sky,
Is written "stay," is written "fly,"
 While the cupids, wondrous wise
And imp-like, dance in fiendish glee,
And swear there is no hope for me,
 As I look in Lillian's eyes.

Yet if perchance I touch her hand,
Soft falls the light o'er sea and land,
 Like the glow of summer skies;
The glad earth seems the stars to greet,
And life's a song divinely sweet,
 When I look in Lillian's eyes.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

Out where the white wing'd sea gulls soar,
Out where the fierce wild breakers roar,
The storm winds o'er the waters bore,
 Like some frail shell,
A doom'd ship in its reckless flight—
Ere darkness hides the hopeless fight,
Its bell speaks through the stormy night,
 "Hail and farewell!"

From what land came that nameless sail,
And were her crew but phantoms pale,
Bravely chanting through midnight gale,
 A weird death-knell?
With phantom sails on phantom mast—
With all hope to the wild winds cast,
A cry comes sobbing on the blast,
 "Hail and farewell."

O, dwellers on Life's peaceful shore,
That anguish'd cry comes o'er and o'er—
A captive soul its fetters wore,
 In that wild hell;
With faith no more its staff and rod,
Alone, my soul that lost ship trod,
And through the darkness cried to God,
 "Hail and farewell."

THE FLEA.

Thy life is spent in frolic, fun—
In hop and skip, and merry run—
Brave battles hast thou fought, and won,
 On land and sea.
O'er mortals thou dost reign a king—
At ev'ry joy, thou hast thy fling—
And of thy charms grave poets sing,
 O, envied flea!

With bachelors grown bald and gray,
At hide and seek, you deign to play—
No mortal e'er hath said thee nay,
 Whate'er thy plea;
At thy sly touch, do maidens shy,
Feel that you'll crouch, and creep, and spy,
Yet view charms with a critic's eye,
 O, blasé flea?

If in thy form man was array'd,
Some ills of life might be repaid—
Then unrebuk'd he'd kiss each maid,
 In fiendish glee;
But when life's comedy was done,
When pleasure had its short course run—
Would'st count life's battle lost, or won,
 Thou sphinx-like flea?

VANITY FAIR.

Vanity reigneth o'er ev'ry land,
Said the wisest of the wise;
But he ne'er had held sweet Jennie's hand,
Nor looked in Jennie's eyes.

He sang of beauteous maidens fair—
Could a king such charms despise?
For the prince was young and debonair,
As am I—in Jennie's eyes.

Through the mist of years, the song comes
true,
Yet a discord in it lies—
But the king would sing the song anew,
Could he look in Jennie's eyes.

You.

31

YOU.

The droning bee sounds a more joyous note,
He drinks your health in sparkling dew,
Each wild bird seems to fill its swelling
throat,
With songs of you, with songs of you.

The happy winds, high in the old oak trees,
The sun's bright glances coyly woo;
Each beam of light, each passing breeze,
Speaks but of you, speaks but of you.

When shadows fall, in dreams, your face I
see—
Though dreams prove false, or dreams prove
true,
Yet my glad heart still cries, "It yet may
be"—
And calls to you, and calls to you.

MAFEKING.

In distant Afric's sun-lit land,
Who hath stay'd the fierce Boer's hand?
And who inspir'd that Spartan band,
On that dread and bloody scene
Great Britain's flag to lift on high—
While guns ring forth the battle-cry,
As men who soon, perchance, may die,
We salute thee, Britain's Queen.

O'er them the storm of battle hung—
And there the aged and the young,
Shuddered as the cannons sung
Of the harvest death would glean;
But England's flag no lower fell,
When burst that storm of shot and shell—
Brave men replied from out that hell,
"We salute thee, Britain's Queen."

Yet weary grew the months, and long,
When sorrow sang the vesper song—
Tho' hunger stalk'd through that pale throng,
 With her visage fierce and lean,
No Briton grew faint-hearted there—
No coward lips cried in despair,
But British hearts still do, and dare,
 For the love of Britain's Queen.

Brave deeds like these shall men inspire,
And Fame shall sing of son or sire,
Who snatch'd from death, immortal fire,
 To light them with its sheen;
There round the old flag, still unfur'd,
Tho' battle's smoke like serpent curl'd—
Mafeking's cry swept round the world—
 We salute thee, Britain's Queen.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Behind the scenes, one winter's night,
From witches green, and witches white,
I learn'd how false the sense of sight,
 To him who leans
In faith, upon this broken reed—
He seeks a flower, he finds a weed—
There, virtue's cause no heroes plead,
 Behind the scenes.

In rounded limb and swelling bust,
Deluded man oft puts his trust,
To find his Sodom-apples dust—
 Sad knowledge gleans.
The rose-cheek'd maid, her blushes paint,
Has dropp'd her rôle demure and quaint—
In vain we seek for the fair saint,
 Behind the scenes.

Ah life! how like a farce art thou,
We face the world—we make our bow,
With cap and bells upon our brow.

With kings and queens
And knaves, parade the mimic stage,
And laugh or shout in boist'rous rage,
'Till curtain falls on fool and sage,
Behind the scenes.

LOVE, THE PAINTER.

O sleeping heart, awake! (Love cries)
And my sweet vision share;
Behold the laughter in her eyes,
The sunshine in her hair.

Her voice but happy mem'ries bring,
Of days divinely fair—
See kisses from her lips take wing—
And smiles imprisoned there.

The blood-red rose is sweeping o'er
The path the lily fled—
And on her cheek they fight once more—
The white rose, and the red.

Love etch'd her face like summer skies,
And bade me if I dare,
Forget the laughter in her eyes,
The sunshine in her hair.

ISHMAEL.

Abram the Just, who wed thy mother, young—
To desert beasts of thirst, and hunger, flung,
Ishmael, the first born—her tears alone
Sav'd thee from death—the hard and cruel
stone

On which thou lay, a pace or two apart,
Was to that icy thing—thy father's heart,
As softest down—the desert's blinding glare,
Its cruel thirst—safer it was to share
Than Abram's tent. Hagar, thy bitter tears,
Still brand thy wedded lord, throughout the
years,

A craven heart, who fear'd a woman's tongue,
So cast thee out, and with thee, his young son,
Shorn of his rights—but for thy love undone.
Hagar, in ev'ry clime, in ev'ry tongue
Where man is false, thy tragedy is sung,
Life's desert waits—go forth of thirst to die—
Abram at rest, within his tent doth lie.

HER VOICE.

When Allah in his love, once sought to comfort men,
To lessen ev'ry sin, forgive all hate and wrong,
So earth might lift her eyes to heaven's face again,
Into a woman's voice he breath'd the soul of song.

UNCONQUERED.

The fairest hands, said holy seer, and wise—
Are patient hands, that toil where others
reap—

The gentle hands that still the mighty deep
Of sorrow's sea—whose waves of anguish
rise,
Kissing the uplifted rod.

Those are the sweetest lips—the lips divine,
That sing, when night hides faith's steep
pathway dim,
And carol forth a song that comforts him,
Who sits in rags among the grov'ling swine,
With his bleeding feet unshod.

Brave hearts! they meet defeat, yet give no
sign—

They drink the hemlock-cup with smile so
bright,

It cheers some wand'rer through the star-
less night—

The wormwood's chang'd into the Master's
wine,

That they drink anew to God.

WHERE DWELLETH LOVE.

Love ever lives within the land of youth—
He dwelt within the fields where gentle Ruth
Gather'd the golden grain—as o'er and o'er,
She swept with Boaz's heart the threshing-
 floor,
 To teach that heart love's truth.

He dwelt with shepherds in that distant land,
Where Jacob gladly serv'd for Rachel's hand
Twice seven years—a woman's smile and
 praise,
Made weary years, to him seem but as days,
 That happy love had spann'd.

Where dwelleth love, we cry—go ask the
 young—
O'er youthful hearts is his fair banner flung—
Search not in books, or 'mong the worldly-
 wise—
But read aright the light within her eyes,
 And lo! thy love song's sung.

PARADISE.

"Paint me a picture," cried the love god—
blind—

"Of paradise as thou would'st have it be"—
Then nimble thought, the pencil of the mind,
Upon my heart sketched heaven—and thee.

FORGIVENESS.

Does some great truth within night visions
lie?

Some whisper of that place beyond the sun?
In dreams I saw God's hand write on the sky,
A truth I yet may know ere life is done.

And yet perchance, like Bab'lon's king of old,
I, too, am weigh'd within God's balance just
And wanting found—drank I to gods of gold?
Or cast His holy vessels in the dust?

Oh, Thou, who weigh'st each drop this heart
hath bled,

Write not life's sins upon thy scroll on high,
Else let the tears these weary eyes have shed
Blot out the record on the midnight sky.

THE WOLF.

In the stars' frozen light, so cold and so still,
Stands the wolf, gaunt and gray, on the wind-
swept hill,

And his cry comes forth like the pelting of
hail,

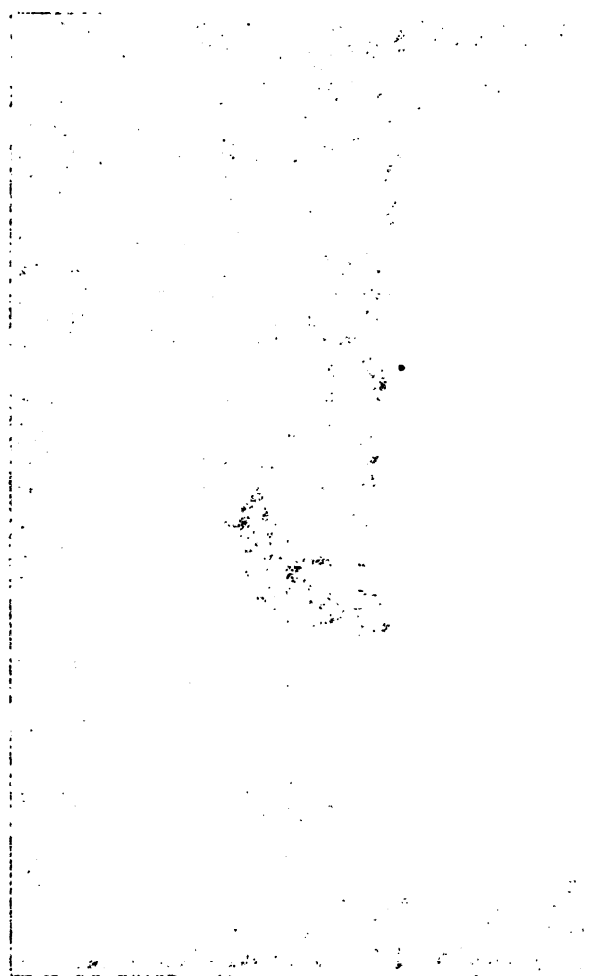
Or keen cutting blast in the teeth of the gale.
As he snarls at the rays from my fireside
bright,

His cruel teeth shine in the stars' misty light.
His fierce cry is heard on the cold icy air,
But colder's the heart of the wolf skulking
there.

I laugh'd him to scorn, yet he waits for his
prey,

And grim is the howl of the gaunt beast at
bay—

And the air sweeps down with an icier chill,
When the laugh of the wolf rings over the hill.



[illegible]

and a very common
fact.

Or keen of eye to see
As he sits at the table
And

his crucifixion. The crucifixion of Jesus
 "The fierce cry is heard from the cross
 The cock's crow is heard from the east
 There

100

15V—

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be changed.



When the laugh of the wolf rings over the hill.



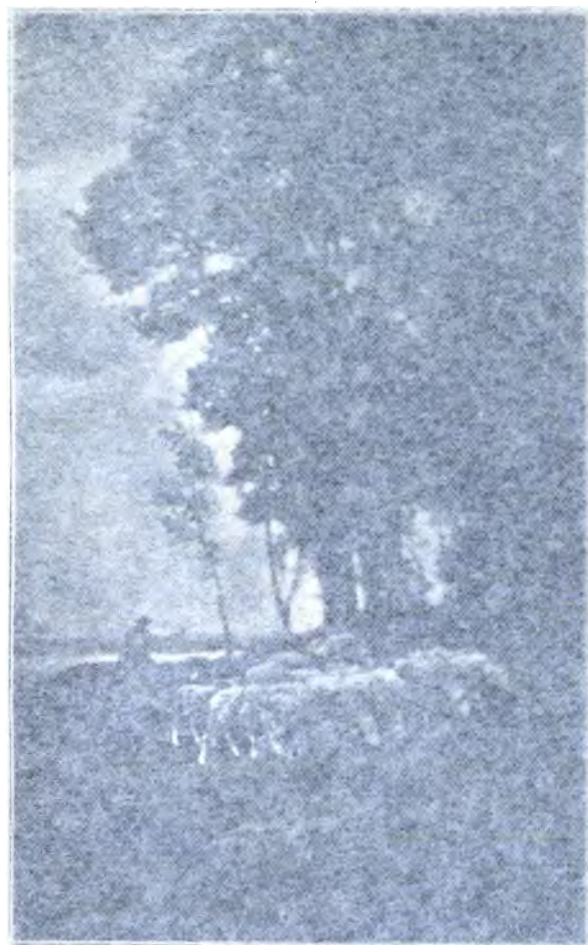
The fierce visaged wolf of poverty sore,
Has crept down from the hills, and stands at
my door.
The door is so frail, that the wolf cries in
glee,
"I mock now at you, as you scoffed at me,
When I moan'd to the stars of hunger that
kills,
And your loud laugh of scorn rang over the
hills—
Make bare your right arm, and grasp well
your stout rod—
And prove who is stronger, the wolf, or your
God."

THE BLACK-SHEEP.

A faint cry sounds over the valley wide—
'Tis the black-sheep's call on the mountain side
To sheep within the fold;
He had restive grown in the narrow space
Of the homely fold—and the shepherd's face,
To him grew hard and cold.

He wander'd away from the sheep and fold—
Mountain and valley were crimson and gold,
And green, and misty white—
Forgot were the shepherd's scoffs at his name,
That had scorch'd his heart like the lightning's
flame,
Or bolt of livid light.

From the valley the sunlight flees away—
And the wanderer's happy care-free day,
Fades with the waning light,
And at rest the sheep with the shepherd lie,
Save but one—who grieves as her black-sheep's
cry
Sounds plaintive through the night.



The tree, *Pinus strobus*, in the foreground.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN

A factory's smoke over the valley
 Made the sheep call on the moor
 To come within the fold;
 He had never grown in the narrow
 Of the homely fold—and the smoke
 To him grew hard and cold.

He wander'd away from the fold
 Mountains and valley were all the same
 And green, and moist, and wet
 They were the shepherd's—his sheep were his
 That had scorched his heart with the
 flame,
 Or bolt of fire'd light.

From the valley the sunlight shone
 And the wanderer's hopes came back
 Fades with the wan age of the sun
 And at rest the sheep with their flock
 Save but one—who grieves and
 cry
 Sound's plaintive through the night.



'Tis the black-sheep's call on the mountain side.

WERE I THE SEA.

If I were the sea, and the stars your eyes,
I would read the weird charm that in them
lies,

And you'd smile, or you'd sigh, or laugh
with me,

If I were the sea.

If I were the sea, would your heart grow cold
In my close embrace? Ah, the sea is bold—

Yet perchance I might dare as bold to be,

If I were the sea.

Were I the sea with its shimmer and shine,

I would dream for a day, a dream divine,

And the dream would but mirror you and
me—

If I were the sea.

